



THE MARRIED LIFE OF HELEN AND WARREN

By MABEL HERBERT URNER.

Originator of "Their Married Life," Author of "The Journal of a Neglected Wife," "The Woman Alone," Etc.

They Discover the Real Cause of the Barclays' Effusive Hospitality.

(Copyright, 1916.)

This series is a continuation of "Their Married Life," produced by Mabel Herbert Urner for four years. "The Married Life of Helen and Warren," appearing exclusively in this paper, is the only series now being written by Mabel Herbert Urner.

"MOVE your chair farther out, Mrs. Curtis, you'll get more air."

Helen dragged over the wicker chair until the rockers scraped the wire netting that screened in the long side porch.

"We always get a breeze out here," declared Mrs. Barclay, who had spent most of the afternoon dilating on the advantages of their country home. "Now isn't this better than being cooped up in the hot city?"

"Yes, this is very pleasant," murmured Helen, who had conscientiously played the part of an admiring, enthusiastic guest.

"How about mosquitoes?" Warren was scratching his ankle.

"Oh, Howard will leave that screen door open! But they're no worse than they are in town. Mr. Phillips was out last Sunday—he said he'd been almost eaten up in his apartment."

The cooling darkness had relieved somewhat the glaring heat of the day, but the air was still close and sultry, and the "breeze," of which Mrs. Barclay boasted, had to be incessantly stirred by palm leaf fans.

"Barclay, what time did you say that train went?" Warren reached over to knock the ashes from his cigar.

"Well, tomorrow I've got to get the 7:40, but you don't have to go that early. Why don't you take the 8:10?"

"Oh, no, we'll go in with you," suppressing a yawn as he glanced at his watch by the dim light from the dining-room.

"Wouldn't you like to see the cellar before you go up?" suggested Mrs. Barclay. "You won't have time in the morning."

"Oh, I'd love to," lied Helen, wondering if she could marshal her overworked adjectives to a proper appreciation of the cellar.

Since their arrival on the noon train Mrs. Barclay had dragged her through every room in the house, expatiating on the comforts and conveniences of her home, while Helen had kept up a continuous murmur of:

"How attractive! How very convenient! You really have a charming house! Oh, what a delightful room! Yes, this is such a pleasant room! What lovely big closets! Oh, what a cheerful maid's room!"

When she had gushed over the kitchen, pantry, back porch and garden, she felt she had done her full duty, but here was the cellar still to be explored.

"Howard, don't you want to show Mr. Curtis the furnace?"

Good Investment For a Man

"If a man's expenditures for clothes are limited and he wants to obtain the most for his money, I would certainly advise him to invest in a good blue serge suit for the summer," said the man about town. "I believe that few people appreciate the sterling wearing qualities of serge. For one thing, it's a hard twisted fabric that does not collect the dust. You can go for a ramble on the dusty roads or through the woods; you can go up the river canoeing or camping, and when you come home all you have to do is to brush up your serge a little—and it looks like a new suit. I tell you a serge will stand the 'gaff' of hard service better than any material I know of. Take those Sunproof Serge Suits that M. Stein, the tailor, at Eighth and F streets, makes for sixteen dollars. He guarantees them for two seasons—and they'll probably wear longer than that. I believe they're the best clothing investment any man could make."

Preparedness

When you expect company you prepare everything beforehand—You want to be sure of serving the best—that's it—and after all—you do it for hubby every day as well. Here's something distinctive—of supreme India-Ceylon quality—and after you have tried it you won't say to the grocer—"I want some Tea" but you will insist on

Ridgways Tea

Awarded Gold Medal—Highest Honor India-Ceylon Teas—San Francisco, 1915

"Safe-Tea First"

"Oh, don't put that up! The room'll be full of mosquitoes."

"Why the Sam Hill did they drag us through that cellar?" exploded Warren, as he peeled off his coat and flung himself into a chair by the window.

"It was tiresome," Helen, slipping off the cramping pumps, got her bedroom slippers from the suitcase. "And you wouldn't say a thing—I had to do it all."

"Yes, you laid it on pretty thick."

"Did I overdo it?" anxiously.

"Oh, they swallowed it, all right."

"Well, they expected us to admire things. They built the house themselves—I suppose that's why they're so proud of it."

"Huh, I wouldn't live out in this God-forsaken place if they'd give it to me. See here, can't we raise this infernal thing?" trying to shove up the window screen. "Can't get a breath of air."

"Oh, don't put that up! The room'll be full of mosquitoes."

"Sure," her husband rose with alacrity. "We've got about the best and simplest thing in furnaces. Kept the whole house warm last winter with only ten tons."

"Why, that's very little," ventured Helen, who knew absolutely nothing about coal, but who was trying to cover Warren's unresponsive silence, as with evident reluctance he laid down his cigar.

"Yes, the Petersons just below here used over-fifteen. And their house is much smaller—but it's poorly built. That's one thing about this house—it's exceptionally well built."

"The walls are so thick," contributed Mrs. Barclay, "it's a very easy house to keep warm." Then she gathered up the porch cushions. "It may rain tonight—we'd better take these in."

Through the dining-room, out through the pantry and they made their way down the steep, narrow steps into the damp, musty-smelling cellar.

"Oh, what a lovely large cellar!" enthused Helen, almost before the light was turned on.

"This is only half of it," proudly.

"The storeroom and laundry are over here."

While Mr. Barclay demonstrated to Warren the admirable points of the now cold and empty furnace, Mrs. Barclay showed Helen the storeroom.

"You've no idea what it saves in ice bills. We really don't need an ice box at all. Most cellars are damp and moldy—but this is always so perfectly dry."

As the darkened streaks on the cement wall were oozing dampness, Helen refrained from commenting on this statement.

"Here's my jelly closet," drawing a curtain back from some rough shelves on which were a few glasses and jars. "And here's where we keep potatoes and other vegetables. Last winter we had all these bins full."

In a nervous effort to conceal Warren's silent boredom, Helen admired everything in extravagant terms. She was tired and sleepy, and her feet ached from the heat and a new pair of pumps, but there was no release until they had seen every corner and "convenience" of the cellar.

In the laundry, the patent washing machine, the double wringer, even the revolving clothes rack had to be demonstrated and glowingly commended.

A flounce of Helen's thin gown was snagged on a nail of an empty soap box, and there were several smudges on the fresh whiteness of her buckskin pumps, yet her gushing enthusiasm was undampened.

As Warren's unresponsiveness grew more marked, the more profuse and superlative became her admiring exclamations.

It was after ten before they finally escaped and made their way up to the guest room, followed by Mrs. Barclay's assurance that they would sleep well in this "pure country air."

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GARTERS—Standard at 25c—Paris Garters, all new, 15c

assuring rubber full of "life." Per pair.

PAJAMAS—values to \$2.50—\$2.50 Soisette and Jap 89c

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G AND ELEVENTH STREETS.

Purely Personal

Blair, of Silver Spring, Md., and Washington, who has been elected delegate from the Sixth Maryland district to the Republican National Convention, left yesterday for Chicago. Mr. Blair was untroubled.

Mrs. F. Baer returned to Washington yesterday after a visit to relatives at Tampa, Fla.

Charles Page Waller, Jr., has gone to Atlantic City for a visit of several weeks.

Mrs. Homer L. Ferguson, of Newport News, Va., with Mr. and Mrs. Frederick A. Cole and Mr. and Mrs. Robert S. Sloan, of New York, was among the guests registered at the Shoreham yesterday.

Dr. Lewis Battle returned to Washington yesterday, after a visit to relatives in Chapel Hill, N. C.

Mrs. John H. Bankhead, wife of Senator Bankhead, of Alabama, has left Washington for her home at Jasper, Ala.

Miss Sara J. Davenport, a copyist in the Bureau of Education, has been promoted to a clerkship.

C. J. Gockeler, former secretary of the Board of Trade, has recovered from an illness which incapacitated him for several days.

T. M. Thorne has received an appointment as a stenographer in the Bureau of Mines.

E. C. Brandenburg, president of the Board of Trade, returned last night from a week-end stay at his country estate in Maryland.

Ernest W. Dean, assistant organic chemist in the Bureau of Mines, has been promoted to chemist.

Miss Viola E. Butties has been appointed a copyist in the Patent Office.

GASHES SON'S HAND TO KEEP HIM FROM PLAY

St. Louis, Mo., June 4.—Anton Skrivian of University City, a baker, admitted he had cut a deep gash between the first and second fingers on the right hand of his son, John, 12 years old, to prevent him from playing marbles.

The father was arrested by Chief of Police John Willmann, of University City, and an information charging feloniously wounding was issued by Assistant Prosecuting Attorney F. W. Brooks, of Clayton.

He was returned to University City and a warrant issued against him.

The cut was three-quarters of an inch long. The boy tied up his hand and went to the Bartner School, where he is a pupil. The boy neglected to wash the dishes, so as to play, the father said.

Whale Skin for White Shoes.

Seattle, Wash., June 4.—Ten tons of skins of the Beluga, or white whale, received from Bering Sea, are being shipped from Seattle to Eastern shoe factories to be made into white shoes, now so popular among young women. The Beluga abounds in Bering Sea and Cook Inlet and the new fashion has stimulated the hunting of the animal. Only the inner skin is used, but it is so thick that four sheets of thin leather may be obtained by splitting. Glove factories also are seeking Beluga skins.

Shipped Whiskey as Grease.

Marletta, Ohio, June 4.—Charles Dye and Dudley Ferguson were arrested here by United States officials from Cincinnati, charged with making false billings on liquor shipments into West Virginia. Arraigned before United States Commissioner Leeper they pleaded not guilty.

and each gave bond in the sum of \$1,000.

Dye, it is said, shipped whiskey to patrons in West Virginia, billing it as axle grease and oil. Ferguson is charged with hauling the "merchandise" to the freight office for shipment. Five government agents made the arrests.

Silver Skull for Him.

Pueblo, Col., June 3.—Isaac Corney, 58 years old, a chemist at the Pueblo smelter, will go through the rest of his life with a silver skull. An entire section of the top of his head was removed when an operation was performed at St. Mary's Hospital and a silver plate substituted.

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